



Soul-Selling and Related Activities



demons

souls

71 5 9

Chapter 1 by R

They say that you can find the number in the grooves between the fake bricks in the corners of classrooms, written in tight, black ink. It has no name attached, only "Call here to sell your soul" written in the same tight ink.

They say that if you call, no one will pick up, but that if you leave a voice-mail claiming that you're interested in the offer, whoever is on the other end of the line will send you a text. The message itself varies, but the intent is clear.

They're accepting the offer.

Whoever, whatever responds speaks in a proper if slightly annoyed tone. They inform you the deal isn't for money, but for wishes. They'll inform you of the effects of soullessness, if you ask, and will end the conversation with a "pleasure doing business" or something to that effect.

It's just an urban legend, to be honest. There's no proof that anything ever happens to your soul, and if anyone has gotten their wish they haven't shared.

You never believed in all of that junk, but you found the number while you were bored in class, stared at it, wondering. No one at

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Maybe it was silly, just a fl

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But there's a text message sitting their unread.

From that number.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



Your hands shakes as you open the text.

"So what exactly is your wish?"

It has to be from some gag website, right? There's no way this could be real. You remember reading about some company in Australia that was used to deter men hankering for your number at a bar or party (an issue you've never dealt with and likely never will). When the man in question called it later, they would get a message telling them about your unfortunate death. Ha. Funny. Such a mature approach. So why should this number be any different? It's just an urban legend. You're probably getting hit up with surcharges just looking at the message. Still, curiosity persists, and you finally respond. All the while, the teacher drones through their lesson, blissfully unaware of your cell phone.

"I wish for world peace," you finally respond. Who would wish for anything less?

You're about to slip your phone into your bag and actually try to pay this lesson some attention when it emits a loud, ringing sound. All heads in the classroom swivel to you, including your teacher's, who is clearly annoyed. Damn. Another detention for you. You toggle with the volume, an unsuccessful pursuit. It does little for the noise. It seems to get even louder. Your classmates have covered their ears, some with textbooks, and other classrooms have leaked into the hallway, clearly interested in the source of the noise.

When the woman first lazily floats from your phone, your first thoughts of how much you really, really deserve that detention. Your second are "holy crap".

"Seriously, world peace? You don't have a video game system you want? A friend to save?

Money? Good grades?

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She looks around, clearly confused. "What's going on in this class? Now that doesn't seem fitting you in the least!"

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Chapter 2 by Kendall



It takes a second for you to register what exactly is going on, so you distractedly sort things out in your head.

1. You got bored beyond comprehension in English class.
2. You found scribbles on the wall behind you while "casually stretching."
3. You insisted that you had no soul to sell, so you stupidly called the number on the wall.
4. No answer, then a creepy text message.
5. Now there is a translucent woman hovering above you that somehow came from inside of your outdated phone...

The idea of these events occurring is too much to bare, and you fall out of your seat and onto the cold tile floor. Gasps, laughter, and shouts are attacking you from all directions of the classroom. Your head grows dark and foggy, but you are still capable of seeing the other students back out of their chairs and run from the room.

The woman is still hovering above you, and she slowly raises her hand. All sound from the room vanishes, and the last of the stragglers are shouting and making their way into the hall. It feels as though you had muted an episode of The Twilight Zone.

The woman speaks in a clear, sharp voice, and is the only thing you are able to focus on. "Hey kid, you okay? We've got some work to do, you got'a get up."

She vanishes from your sight, as does the chalkboard, desks, and abandoned backpacks. You find yourself sitting in an uncomfortably plush, red chair in the center of a great hall. The room is a dark red, all over. It's incredibly hot, but for some reason you aren't sweating. The ghost-like woman is sitting in a heavy wooden desk in front of you. You can clearly see her now, her light skin, dark hair. She is wearing a plum dress-suit, complimenting the perpetual redness of your surroundings. Her top is cut low enough so that you can make out an "X" shaped scar on her chest.

"Am I in hell?" You're eager to get back home, far, far away from this unsettling environment.

The woman laughs, a deep, throaty chuckle that sounds like a rich voice quite nicely. "You wish, Tiny Tim."

"Why are you calling me Tiny Tim?"

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"Give it a rest," the woman interrupts, crossing her arms on the colossal desk, "I know your name. Hell, you've already made an appointment, we know everything."

An appointment?

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